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THE LUCRECE OF FRANCE.

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At the first appearance of the squire, the poor lady had felt as if the sickly chills of death were creeping through her frame; an oppressive languor seemed to bear down beneath it every faculty of her mind. All motionless and silent she sate, and she had not a wish to attempt the concealment of her feelings, for their flow seemed frozen within her; but when the shameless squire turned to her, and addressed her by her name, every power and hope of farther exertion seemed to desert her, and she felt almost as if she were in fact the guilty one, sinking under the weight of the conviction which had overtaken her. Her husband's violence aroused her; and as her selfpossession returned, she smiled within herself at her own weakness. With a look of fearless composure she raised her eyes, and pushed back her hair from her brow, and the true eloquence of truth and virtue spake in her words. But the squire was not to be confounded; by turns he affected to be surprised, indignant, nay amused by the strangeness of the accusation brought against him. With apparent attention he then listened to the details which the lady was obliged to give: he listened but a short time, for at last he seemed unable to restrain himself. "This must proceed no farther," he said solemnly. "My lord," he added, "I beseech you to interfere. I should treat this charge with the contempt which it deserves, were my own character alone concerned; but the relation in which I stand to yourself, the office which I hold near your person, call upon me to come forward and challenge the strictest inquiry, as to this most valorous adventure which is charged upon me. My lord of Alencon, there is a question I must beg to ask of thee. Canst thou recall the day on which thy noble cousin and his bride was entertained in state within this castle?" The earl of Alencon thought within himself, and named the fourth of April. "And on that day," replied the squire, "I was at the castle of Argentueil? So we are told. Let me ask again—Who was in attendance on thy person on the fourth of April?" The earl answered without hesitation. "Thou wert, Jaket, most certainly; and now that I remember me, thou wert at my side during the whole of that day, saving for the space, I should think, of three hours. Was not this the case? About three hours?" "It was, my lord," replied the squire Jaket. "Account then, for the way in which those three hours were employed, and we must be satisfied." The squire coloured deeply as he bowed, and then entreated to be excused replying to that question; but he begged to remark, that the distance of the earl's castle from that of Argentueil was above three and twenty miles. He begged to know if his entrance to the castle of the knight had been perceived by any persons; if by any of the servants, who must, he thought, have seen him during some part of his sojourn at Argentueil. He had been seen by no one but the lady herself; and there were no witnesses to confirm her assertion. The lady of Carogne now calmly reminded the earl of the question he had put to the squire. In what manner those three hours had been employed? Deeper still was the colour that mounted over the countenance of Jaques le Grys. He

drew near to the earl his master, and murmured a few words in an under tone. The earl paused awhile, and then said, "Yes, it will be the surer way of discovering the truth. One intrigue may perchance confound the other." He commanded three of the noblest gentlemen present to go to the lodging of Berina Lunaro, and to conduct her immediately to his presence. They returned within ten minutes, accompanied by the wanton Italian, and she confessed, with an assumed reluctance, that three hours, on the fourth day of April, had been passed by the squire Jaques le Grys in her society. Would it have been supposed, that with little farther investigation, with no other evidence than that given by Berina Lunaro, an Italian courtezan, the earl of Alencon declared his squire innocent of the crime whereof he was accused? He said to the lady, that she did but dream it; wherefore that he would maintain his squire.

The lady of Carogne had not spoken while the Italian remained in the hall. She waited till the earl had delivered all his judgment, and then she rose with the same self-possession which had before distinguished her, and turning to the company, spake to this intent:—"It was for justice that I came hither, and now I will depart, for I may seek justice here no longer. My lord of Alencon, listen to these my words, for I would speak this plainly even in thy presence; I have not been justly dealt with, and this your spirit will tell you, if you ask it faithfully. Ere I leave you I would call these facts to your remembrance. I have dwelt within your notice since my early youth. My father's name hath ever been revered, and while I lived with him and my own mother, I was unblamed by you, and by my parents' many friends. My honoured father hath come hither leading his child with his own hand. Would he have done thus if I were the loose shameless wretch you take me for? With my husband I have lived happy, and in sweetest confidence of heart; I never have deceived him, and I would not be less honest than heretofore, when I last met him, a dishonoured wife. You know from what you have heard, as to the the secresy of your false squire's plans, that had I pleased to seem so, I might now have seemed an undefiled wife; he would have kept his secret perchance as closely as he keeps it now. But here I stand, and openly proclaim my shame. Here I renounce my husband and my home; and here I solemnly repeat, that Jaques le Grys, your squire, was indeed the brutal ravisher of this vile body. The time may come when you will give full credence to my words. Methinks it was almost too hard on me, fallen as I am, to call into my presence that bold Italian wanton, and then to hear her as a more faithful witness than myself. This poor justice, it was unkind, unpitying, to believe that common courtezan before the wife, the honest and devoted wife, of this brave knight your servant."

When the lady had thus spoken, she turned away, and waited not for a reply. Warned she might be by the look of unconcern which still remained upon the earl of Alencon's face. But as she went, she stopped some few times and clung to her old father's arm more closely, and once she bowed her face upon his shoulder, and an hysteric sob was heard; her veil concealed her countenance, and afterwards she betrayed no sign of agitation; but with a firm step, and with much dignity she left, in company with her husband and kinsman, the castle of the earl of Alencon.

The knight of Carogne was not to be silenced, although thus dismissed by the earl his master. He well trusted and believed his wife, and so he went to Paris and showed the matter unto the parliament there; and he there appealed Jaques le Grys, who did appear, and answered to his appeal.

It was said that the earl of Alencon was sore displeased at the determined

conduct of the brave knight, and oftentimes would he have had him slain, but that the matter was in the parliament. But the knight of Carogne was of great courage, and he persisted that he would maintain his quarrel to the death; and because the lady could make no proof against Jaques le Grys but by her own words, judgment was given by the parliament, that mortal battle should be done at Paris, between the knight and the squire; and it was judged that if the knight of Carogne should be overcome in the battle, and yet survive, that he should be hanged; and the lady his wife was judged, in such a case, without remedy, to be burnt. It was in a place called St. Katherine, behind the Temple, in Paris, that the lists were made. And thither the king repaired with his uncles, and the duke of Burgundy, and his great lords, and much people, so much that it was a marvelous sight to behold them. Then the two champions came into the field, armed at all points. The earl of St. Poule governed John of Carogne, and the earl of Alençon's company was with Jaques le Grys. Then was a perfect silence commanded, and the knight walked up to that part of the field where his lady was sitting in a chair covered with black. He spake, to her thus in a loud voice:—"Dame by your information, and in your quarrel, I do put my life in adventure as to fight with Jaques le Grys—you know if the cause be just and true." The poor lady's face was exactly wan, and her frame, which had been wasted by continual grief at her heart, trembled all over from the agony of those moments. But she rose up immediately that her husband had ceased to speak, and a new and powerful spirit seemed to support her as she called out, "Sir, it is as I have said,—wherefore you may fight surely—the cause *is* good and true." So distinct were the tones of her clear voice, that, her words were heard all over the field; and when she had spoken them the fearfulness of her mind had passed from her. She knelt down, and seemed then like another creature, and she lifted up her clasped hands towards the high heavens, and, all regardless of the crowd around her, she prayed aloud for her husband's life, and for victory to his good cause. The knight also knelt, and by her side, seeming to join in her prayers; and when he arose, he kissed her forehead, and took her by the hand, and lifted her up, and blessed her, and himself, and so entered the field.

The high and fearless spirit of the lady left her not again, but as the fight raged beneath her she sat still in her black chair, looked up into heaven, and humbly prayed all the time. It was a dreadful trial to her when she heard the trampling of their horses, and the forceful thrusting of the spears against their armour, and the loud mad clashing of the swords. Once came a minute's pause. The lady looked not down, though the deep groaning of many who surrounded her went to her heart. She saw not that her husband was wounded, and again the champions rushed fiercely to the fight. The frequent blazing of their weapons in the sunshine darted oftentimes like lightning flashes before her eyes, and dazzled them into tears. Then the combat raged immediately below the place where she sat, and she seemed to feel the ground shaken beneath her feet, and she shrank away from the rapid blows, and thought they parted the very air that blew over her face. Yet with all this dreadful sense of the passing combat, the powers of her mind clung and trusted to one exalted hope, and that hope did not fail her.

There was another, but not a silent pause, a general stirring sounded throughout the crowd, and voices burst forth on all sides, some in shoutings of joy. Alme knew that her husband's fate was decided, either by victory, or the certainty of death. All her womanly feelings rushed back upon her heart; she did not dare to

look down, but slowly she closed her eyes, and then sank back, overpowered by a swoon.

Although the attention of most persons was now drawn entirely to the situation of the combatants, some there were who turned to the poor lady; and by their assistance she woke up from the swoon which had fallen upon her. Her husband's form first met her sight, but not gashed with wounds, not stretched breathless and ghastly on the earth. He was standing erect before his king, and she saw that the king smiled upon him—Jaques le Grys was slain and his corpse was yet lying where he fell. He had confessed his guilt.

Another trial yet awaited Aline of Carogne, and from it the heroic lady did not shrink. With her husband she had left the field of the combat for the church of our Ladye in Paris, and there they had on their knees humbly and heartily offered up their thanks and praises to the throne of grace. They had now risen; and Aline leaned upon her husband's bosom, and wept freely. She had not ceased weeping when he led her to a small door, which opened from one of the side aisles near the high altar to the cloisters of the adjoining convent. Oftentimes did the knight clasp more tenderly in his arms his young and weeping lady; and oftentimes did he kiss with his trembling lips her forehead, and her lips, and her pale cheek, and the one little thin hand which lay upon his shoulder. At length she lifted up her head, and a smile played about her lips, though it scarcely rose into her large melancholy eyes. Once more she sank upon his bosom, and their lips met in one last kiss. Then he suffered her to raise her head from his grasp, and his eyes alone followed with their earnest gaze the form which departed from his sight—*for ever*. The knight of Carogne sailed as a pilgrim to the holy city of Jerusalem; and returning two years afterwards to Paris, they showed him there the tomb of his faithful wife. In a few months from that time they laid his corpse beneath the same tomb in the church of our Ladye in Paris.

CYRIL.

THE WISDOM OF LAUGHTER.

"Let those now laugh who never laugh'd before,
And those who always laugh'd now laugh no more."

DEMOCRITUS being once at the court of Darius, when that monarch lost his favourite wife, he promised to restore her to life, provided they would give him the names of three men who had never known adversity, that he might inscribe them upon her tombstone; and upon the prince acknowledging the impossibility of complying with his request, he asked him, with his usual laugh, why he should expect to escape affliction, when not one, among so many millions, was exempt from calamity? Here was philosophy as well as laughter; and indeed I doubt whether there be any wisdom more profound than that which develops itself by our risible faculties. This convulsion, as well as reason, is peculiar to man, and one may, therefore, fairly assume that they illustrate, and sympathize with one another. Animals were meant to cry, for they have no other mode of expression; and infants, who are in the same predicament, are provided with a similar resource; but when we arrive at man's estate, the only one to which I ever succeeded, both the sound and physiognomy of weeping must be admitted to be altogether brutal and irrational. The former is positively unscriptible, and we should never utter any thing that cannot be examined to writing; and as to a lachrymose visage, I appeal to the reader whether it be not contemptible and fish like, beyond all the fascinations of Niobe herself to redeem. All associations connected with this degrading process are hateful. Perhaps I may be deemed fastidiously sensitive upon the

point, but I confess that I feel an antipathy towards a whale, because it has a tendency to blubber; I abominate the common crier, simply on account of his name; I would rather get wet through than seek shelter under a weeping willow, and I instinctively avoid a birch on account of certain juvenile recollections.

"But hail, thou goddess fair and free
In Heaven, yclept Euphrosyne,"

and before I go any farther, let me observe how abundantly the Pagan heaven was provided with heart-easing mirth! for, besides the damsel we have mentioned, Venus is expressly termed by Homer the laughter-loving queen; the whole court of the immortals was often thrown into fits by the awkwardness of Vulcan; Jove himself was so fond of the recreation that he even laughed at lovers' perjuries, and Momus the jester, whose province it was to excite their risible faculties, was instructively represented as the son of sleep and night, whereby we are taught to go to bed betimes if we wish to have cheerful and hilarious days. But in this our *sombre* and antirisible age, it has rather become the fashion to attack laughter, notwithstanding the cowardice of assaulting a personage who is obliged to be constantly holding both his sides, and is therefore incapable of other self-defence than that of suggesting at his assailants. I am too old for laughing, they tell me; but it is by laughing that I have lived to grow old, and they may as well take my life itself as that whereby I live. "Laugh and grow fat" may be a questionable maxim, but "laugh and grow old" is an indisputable one; for so long as we can laugh at all, we shall never die unless it be of laughing. As to performing this operation in one's sleeve, it is a base compromise; no more comparable to the original than is a teeth-displaying simper to that hilarious roar which shakes the wrinkles out of the heart, and frightens old Time from advancing towards us. Fortune, love, and justice, are all painted blind: they can neither see our smiles nor frowns. Fate is deaf to the most pathetic sorrows: we cannot mend our destined road of life with a paviour's sigh, nor drown care in tears. Let us then leave growling to wild beasts, and croaking to the ravens, indulging freely in the rationality of laughter; which, in the first place, is reducible to writing—Ha! Ha! Ha! and should always be printed with three capital letters, and a prop of admiration between each to prevent its bursting its sides. (The very hieroglyphic makes one snigger, so festive, social, and joyous is its character.) And, secondly, its delicious alchymy not only converts a tear into the quintessence of merriment, and makes wrinkles themselves expressive of youth and frolic, but lights up the dullest eye with a twinkle, and throws a flash of sunshine over the coldest visage, while it irradiates and embellishes the most beautiful. Including thine, reader, in the latter class, I counsel thee to give the experiment a frequent trial.

It just occurs to me, that I ought to have begun my essay with a definition of laughter and an argute inquiry into its causes; but it will come in as well at the end, and perhaps a *hysteron-proteron*, in itself a common provocative to risibility, is more appropriate than any methodical arrangement. Lastly and imprimis, then, it is a great mistake to suppose that wit, which has been termed the unexpected discovery of resemblance between ideas supposed dissimilar, has any tendency to excite the giggling faculties. Quite the contrary: it elicits only the silent smile of the intellect; on which account (whatever my writings may testify to the contrary) I have no great regard for wit, for I love to laugh with all my heart and none of my head. Humour, therefore, I deem preferable to —— but I am not proceeding systematically. Well, then, this convulsion is of three different kinds. Animal laughter, which may be produced by

tickling, or by that happy and healthy organization which occasions a constant flow of animal spirits. Unnatural laughter, which sometimes accompanies the triumph of the most malignant passions, or burst out upon any unexpected change of fortune, or assumes that ghastly smile or "jealous leer malign," designated the Sardonic grin, not, as a young lady of my acquaintance supposed, from the Sardones or people of Roussillon, but from the involuntary hysterical affection produced by eating that species of ranunculus called the Herba Sardonia. And lastly, (for the second time,) Sentimental laughter,—a compound operation, emanating jointly or separately from the head or the heart, and whose basis seems to be a union or rather opposition of suitableness and unsuitableness in the same object, or any unexpected ludicrous combination. I shall not notice the subdivision of Sympathetic laughter, which is a mere infection; or of that which is stimulated by the consciousness that we ought *not* to laugh, which gives a poignant zest to the ebullition, and reminds one of that profligate lover of pig, who wished he had been born a Jew, that he might have had the pleasure of eating pork and sinning at the same time.

Talking of incongruities puts me in mind of the steam-boat, and of a conversation between two parties, one conversing of their children, the other settling the ingredients of a wedding-dinner, whose joint colloquies, as I sat between them, fell upon my ear in the following detached sentences. "Thank Heaven! my Sally is blessed——with a calf's head and a pig's face."—"Well, if I should have another baby I shall have it immediately——skinned and cut into thin slices."—"I do love to see little Tommy well-dressed——in the fish-kettle over a charcoal fire."—"To behold the little dears dancing before one——in the frying-pan."—"And to hear their innocent tongues——bubble and squeak."—"My eldest girl is accomplished——with plenty of sauce."—"I always see the young folks put to bed myself——and smothered in onions."—"And if they have been very good children, I invariably order——the heart to be stuffed and roasted, the gizzard to be peppered and deviled, and the sole to be fried."

Broken metaphors are not less laughable than these ludicrous games of cross-purposes; and the risible public are much indebted to the Editor of a loyal journal, who lately informed them that the radicals, by throwing off the mask, had at last shown the cloven foot; congratulated his readers that the hydra-head of faction had received a good rap upon the knuckles; and maintained that a certain reformer was only a hypocritical pretender to charity, who, whenever he saw a beggar, put his hand into his breeches pocket, like a crocodile, but was only actuated by ostentation. While we are upon this subject, let us not forget our obligations to the country curate, who desired his flock to admire the miraculous force which enabled Sampson to put a thousand Philistines to the sword with the jaw-bone of an ass; nor let us pass over the worthy squire, who being asked by his cook in what way the sturgeon should be dressed, which he had received as a present, desired her to make it into à-la-mode beef; and upon another occasion, when interrogated whether he would have the mutton boiled or roasted, or how? replied, "slow,—and let it be well done."

If the classical reader ever improved himself when a school-boy by composing nonsense verses, it is possible that prose of the same description may produce a similar result, of which this essay may be considered an experiment. I know not a nobler or more *naif* self eulogy than that expressed by Scarron when on his death bed. He exclaimed to his weeping domestics, "Ah! you will never cry half so much as I have made you laugh;" and were I on the point of bidding adieu to the public as a scribbler, I should not desire a prouder

epitaph than to be truly enabled to repeat the same phrase. In the mean time I do most seriously and sadly exhort my readers to be comical; admonishing them, in these gloomy and puzzling times, when the chances are three to two against the landlord, when the five per cents. are fours, and things in general at sixes and sevens, a hearty and innocent laugh is the most effectual way to take care of number one. H.

TIME *versus* LOVE.

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN we are oppressed with conflicting doubts there is nothing which affords so much relief to the mind as giving them utterance, and asking for advice, which, at the same time, we have no intention of taking. Such, Sir, is my case. I wish for some sovereign balm to enable me not merely to counterfeit, but really to feel the ardent passion that had nearly consumed me forty years ago; and (do not smile, Mr. Editor,) I wish that passion to be revived for the same object. I would be animated with the same hopes, discouraged by the same fears, agitated with the same impatience, and stung with the same jealousy. But I have serious apprehensions that this is impossible.

About forty years ago, at the age of nineteen, I became fascinated, at a private ball, with the amiable, beautiful, and sensible Leonora, who then appeared to me expressly formed by nature for my wife. Our opinions sufficiently coincided as to the *morale* of most subjects; my affection was of the purest staple; a heinous thought never intruded; and it was often a question in my own mind whether the qualities of her heart and intellect, or the charms of her person, were the sources of my attachment. I was a favoured suitor; and the lady's condescending notice and avowed partiality to my pretensions, not only rendered me the happiest of mortals, but imbued me with a serious and prudential consideration of the future, that wholly estranged me from the dissipation common to young men of my own age.

Leonora had a brother, who of course became my particular and intimate friend; but he was a *bon vivant*, extravagant, not very reserved in his female acquaintance, not at all in the habit of passing the bottle—while any wine remained in it. To this friend I confided the secret of my attachment to his sister. He communicated the affair to his father, after the most solemn asseverations of concealing it for the present. The old gentleman did not relish my proposals, and with his son's concurrence very unceremoniously forbade me his house; at the same time sending his daughter into the country, under a threat that her name should be erased from his will if she held any farther communication with me. As I possessed no fortune adequate to compensate her for the loss of his favour, there the matter rested; by the aid of time and occupation I bore my affliction, and as there was no remedy, with tolerable fortitude.

One morning in the week before last, a sudden and heavy shower of rain drove me for shelter into the Burlington Arcade. Among the numerous weather-bound passengers who, as is usual on these occasions, were alternately employed in looking up to watch the separation of the clouds, and in surveying each other, I perceived a well-dressed elderly lady opposite to me; and when I had cursorily perused her face, I was induced, without being able to account for it, to repeat my inspection on the first opportunity that offered. There were traces of some sketch that I had formerly beheld, but where, I could not call to mind. I looked again, and endeavoured to recollect, but this effort proved fruitless,—the materials for reminiscence were supplied solely by the countenance, and reflection had no other data to work upon. The lady became aware of my scrutinizing at-

tention and ineffectual endeavours to recognise her features; yet she did not attempt to withdraw from observation, but rather seemed wishful that I should unravel the mystery. At length a smile revealed the grateful truth that we were not strangers; and this signal of encouragement induced me to address her with cautious distant respect, and with a sort of mysterious, undefinable, but very evident trepidation. When I heard her voice, my embarrassment was increased; and when she pronounced my name, I became perfectly confused. There were some latent workings of my soul of which I was conscious, though I could not distinctly comprehend them; they were recollections of the heart, that did not communicate their vibrations to the brain. After some pause, she observed, that after so long an interval, and the occupation of mind by more interesting objects, it was to be expected that I should forget Leonora ——. This name, pronounced by a familiar voice, accompanied by a look of something more than kindness, that penetrated to the recesses of my heart, soul, and intellect, instantly dispelled the dense mist that had risen during a lapse of forty years; a distinct vision of our first acquaintance was presented, and the interviews that had afterwards taken place, recurred in all the freshness of reality. Imagination for a moment lent me the energies of youth; I was in the act of seizing her hand, and about to press it,—but a sudden agitation, an uncontrollable tremor, so overwhelmed me, that I could neither speak nor accomplish the intended welcome. By this time the weather had cleared, the crowd was moving off, my consciousness returned; I felt that fancy had jilted me, and I remained in the actual state of an elderly gentleman of sixty. Leonora was accompanied by a lady considerably younger than herself; and it struck me that the pathos of the scene had moved the damsel's risible powers, not could I help surmising that the titter was a compliment equally divided between us. I wished to escort them home; they were proceeding in a different direction; but Leonora, with great frankness, said that I might come and take tea on the following day.

After we had parted, I attempted to analyze deliberately the state of my feelings; and vanity, I believe, endeavoured to persuade me that I was seriously in love. A fearfully long series of years, to be sure, had rolled away since the fever of passion had raged; but still we were the same individual persons. Time might indeed have caused some decay in the main timbers of the building, that did not admit of repair; but the plan remained perfect in all its compartments: exterior embellishments might easily be supplied; and taste, or rather sentiment, would cover many defects with varnish, whitewash, and perhaps plaster—as I am a member of the College of Surgeons. The expected hour arrived, and I had already taken great pains, both personally and mentally, to prepare myself for the interview. The season was rather too cool for nankin pantaloons, which are supposed to display the figure to considerable advantage; and for several days a north-easter had whistled a very intelligible prelude to a return of my lumbago, therefore black became the wholesome substitute. The lady had contrived to be alone, and after interchanging the first civilities, apologized for the absence of her *niece*, possibly apprehensive that a recurrence of the tittering symptoms might interrupt the more serious and pathetic parts of our dialogue. To my utter astonishment and indescribable joy, I found that Leonora had lived a single life, and, by her own representation, had refused numerous offers—her promise to me had been kept inviolate. This assurance stirred up on my part several bursts of tenderness. I looked at her most earnestly, and unhappily I wore my spectacles. But Oh dear, what a change. Her eye barely retained some smattering of Love's dart

lect; but the idiom was defective and the accent misplaced. A nearer examination disclosed innumerable wrinkles; the fine oval contour had become angular, and the whole countenance was suffused with a yellow tinge. Those lips, that whilom pouted from distension, were now shrunk into a mere envelope for the coral—But why proceed? Description only records disappointment, and extinguishes the embers of affection. The voice indeed, though somewhat less articulate, still breathed to my ear soft melody freighted with the purest sentiment; the candles shed a dimmer light for want of snuffing, and love seemed to return as the gloom deepened. Thus in sweet converse we beguiled the time, retraced the delightful scenes of former days, and endeavoured, by the aid of imagination, to o'ercleap a chasm of forty years, that youth might gall the kibe of the passing moment, exclaiming,

"Ye gods! annihilate both space and time,
To make two lovers happy!"

What might have been our destinies in life, (said the charming Leonora,) if my father had not prohibited our union?"—"Doubtless, (I replied,) an uninterrupted series of felicities—a delightful interchange of opinion—a reciprocation of kind offices—perhaps we might have been blest with a numerous family"—but I found I had gone too far; it certainly did not occur to me that Leonora was still a maiden lady, and of course could have made no calculations of that nature. A slight iridescence of colour mounted into her cheek, but after a momentary suffusion escaped to one side of the nose, where an intense blush seemed to linger. I apologized, but awkwardly enough, by expressing my regret at having used any expression inconsistent with good breeding; and to testify contrition in a tangible form, I took her hand—it had a cool feel, then with some emotion grasped her arm—alas! its electric touch had vanished! The bounding elasticity that, forty years ago, resembled that of a spring board, now yielded to the gentlest pressure. Our situation was exquisitely tender; the air seemed oppressive; she breathed by instalments, perceptibly asthmatic; and the attempt to heave a profound sigh was stopped *in transitu*, by a cough which sounded like the knell to consumptive Hope.

How retentive of affection is a female! Perhaps, as some philosophers have opined, because she possesses more instincts than our own sex. Perhaps, with due care, a man's constitution is more durable than that of a lady; and it is possible that there may be some difference in the sources and objects of the tender passion. We are attracted by exterior blandishments; they are guiled in their choice by intrinsic qualities; and to tell the truth, I do not think that they possess so refined a taste, such a relish for beauty, and such a fastidiousness against imperfection as ourselves. When I returned home, and analyzed my own feelings, the truth was elicited. Leonora, in her youth, had constituted my notion of the *beau idéal* of female excellence; and if at that period we had been united, age, and its inseparable infirmities, would have crept on unheeded. We should have hobbled down hill together, lending a mutual support; the higher affections would have been sublimed, and those of sense would have been refined into esteem. [I am apt to think that love is like the small-pox, few have it twice in the natural way; the contagion rarely recurs.] But now, each of us had acquired peculiar and, very probably, dissimilar habits; the simultaneous indulgence of them might be incompatible, and a compromise difficult on either part, as it would demand a painful extortion—a cruel eradication—a reluctant sacrifice. Feeling therefore no immediate or pressing occasion for a wife;

dreading the positive cession of so much liberty; averse from an amalgamation of infirmities, the sleep-breaking echoes of the nightly cough, the spasmodic twinges, and other incidental ailments, no wonder that I have paused on the awful threshold of matrimony. Besides, I anticipate the ridicule of my acquaintance: some sneezing old dandy congratulating me with a pretended admiration of the choice I have made—"Quite a young woman!" This is bad enough; but next come the ladies: one young hussey, just married, recommends me to a shop for baby-linen, and—by mistake—gives me the undertaker's card. Then at dinner, to be helped to all the restorative fricassees and nourishing dishes! When the dessert appears, some tormentress or other directs the servants to place a pair of nut-crackers near me; insults my wife under the mask of deference and civility, recommending patirosa lozenges for an inveterate asthma; or starting theatrical subjects, and concluding by a savage remark, such as, "Probably, Madam, *you* recollect Garrick?" Prudence whispers me to remaining single, —an injunction which I shall certainly obey, unless you impart to me the grand arcanum of the alchymists, which I suppose you to possess:—

And though I love the gentle Leonora,
I will not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the world's worth.

With the profoundest consideration, believe me, your most obedient,

PEREGRINE FIPLEY.

DE BRUCE, DE BRUCE.

De Bruce, De Bruce—with that proud call
Thy glens, green Galloway,
Grow bright with helm, and axe, and glaive,
And plumes in close array;
The English shafts are loosed, and see
They fall like winter snow:
The southern nobles urge their steeds,
The earth is shuddering so—

Flow gently on thou gentle Orr,
Down to old Solway's flood,—
The ruddy tide that stains thy stream
Is England's richest blood.

Flow gently onwards, gentle Orr,
Along thy greenwood banks
King Robert raised his martial cry,
And broke the English ranks;
Black Douglas smiled and wiped his blade,
He and the gallant Græme;
And as the lightning from the cloud
Here fiery Randolph came:
And stubborn Maxwell too was here,
And spared nor strength nor steel,
With him who won the winged spur
Which gleams on Johnstone's heel.

De Bruce, De Bruce—yon silver star,
Fair Alice, it shines sweet—
The lonely Orr, the good greenwood,
The sod aneath our feet—
Yon pasture mountain green and large,
The sea that sweeps its foot—
Shall die—shall dry—shall cease to be,
And earth and air be mute;
The sage's word—the poet's song,
And woman's love—shall be
Things charming none, when Scotland's heart
Warms not with naming thee.

De Bruce, De Bruce—on Dee's wild banks,
And on Orr's silver side,
Far other sounds are echoing now
Than war-shouts answering wide;
The reaper's horn rings merrily now;
Beneath the golden grain
The sickle shines, and maiden's songs
Glad all the glens again.
But minstrel-mirth, and homely joy,
And heavenly liberty—
De Bruce, De Bruce—we owe them all
To thy good sword and thee.

Lord of the mighty heart and mind,
And theme of many a song—
Brave, mild, and meek, and merciful,
I see thee bound along,—
Thy helmet plume is seen afar,
That never bore a stain,—
Thy mighty sword is flashing high,
Which never fell in vain.—
Shout, Scotland, shout—'till Carlisle wall
Gives back the sound again,—
De Bruce, De Bruce—less than a god,
But noblest of all men.

HEROISM.

The plague raged more violently than ever in Marseilles. Every link of affection was broken, the father turned from the child, the child from the father; cowardice, ingratitude, no longer excited indignation. Misery is at its height when it thus destroys every generous feeling, thus dissolves every tie of humanity! The city became a desert, grass grew in the streets, a funeral met you at every step. The physicians assembled in a body at the *Hotel de Ville*, to hold a consultation on the fearful disease, for which no remedy had yet been discovered. After a long deliberation, they decided unanimously that the malady had a peculiar and mysterious character, which opening a corpse alone might develope,—an operation it was impossible to attempt, since the operator must infallibly become a victim in a few hours, beyond the power of human art to save him, as the violence of the attack would preclude their administering the customary remedies. A dead pause succeeded this fatal declaration. Suddenly a surgeon named Gavon, in the prime of life, and of great celebrity in his profession, rose and said firmly, "Be it so: I devote myself for the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow, at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down as I proceed what I observe." He left the assembly instantly. They admire him, lament his fate, and doubt whether he will persist in his design. The intrepid and pious Gavon, animated by all the sublime energy religion can inspire, acted up to his words. He had never married, he was rich, and he immediately made a will, dictated by justice and piety; he confessed, and in the middle of the night received the sacraments. A man had died of the plague in his house within four and twenty hours: Gavon at day-break shut himself up in the same room; he took with him an inkstand, paper, and a little crucifix. Full of enthusiasm, never had he felt more firm or more collected: kneeling before the corpse, he wrote, "Mouldering remains of an immortal soul, not only can I gaze on thee without horror, but even with joy and gratitude. Thou wilt open to me the gates of a glorious eternity. In discovering to me the secret cause of the terrible disease which destroys my native city, thou wilt enable me to point out some salutary remedy—thou wilt render my sacrifice useful. Oh God! (continued he) thou wilt bless the action thou hast thyself inspired." He began,—he finished the dreadful operation, and recorded in detail his surgical observations. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, and afterwards sought the lazaretto, where he died in twelve hours—a death ten thousand times more glorious than the warrior's, who, to save his country rushes on the enemy's ranks, since he advances with hope, at least, sustained, admired, and seconded by a whole army.

SCORESBY'S MAGNETICAL DISCOVERIES.

Mr. Scoresby's attention was first directed to the investigation of the magnetic laws, in consequence of a series of experiments, undertaken in the years 1815 and 1817, for determining the cause of the deviation of the compass on shipboard. The result of his inquiries was, that all ferruginous bodies become magnetic by position; the upper parts acquiring a south, the under a north polarity; but from this general law there is an apparent deviation, with respect to the slender bars, and thin plates of iron, which, when placed in the magnetic plane, exhibit no influence over a compass, because the magnetic axis corresponding with their shortest axis, the two

poles are so near that they neutralize each other. As the magnetic plane may be easily discovered with slender bars of iron, Mr. Scoresby constructed his *magnetimeter*, by which the exact angle, where the polarity of iron disappears, may be discovered. By using this instrument, he could ascertain if a piece of iron, by any treatment to which it was subjected, suffered a change in its state as to magnetism. The result of his trials was, that any kind of mechanical action on it produced an alteration. He found that a horizontal position in the magnetic meridian was by no means the best for the development of magnetism by percussion, but that the position of the dipping needle produced the highest effects. A single blow with a hammer on a bar of of soft iron, held vertically, gave it a strong action over a compass, the upper end becoming a south, and the lower a north pole. On inverting the bar, another blow was sufficient to change the polarity. A remarkable circumstance discovered by Mr. Scoresby was, that a blow on any part of a rod of iron, while held in the plane of the magnetic equator, invariably destroys the magnetic action, so as to prevent it having any influence on a needle. These properties have been applied to useful purposes; thus to free iron or steel from magnetism, all that is necessary is to give it a few blows while held in the magnetic plane; a mode much more convenient than the old one of heating it, and allowing it to cool in a horizontal position. Another useful application is, the correction of the magnetism usually found in the balances of chronometers, which produces a serious error in the rate of some instruments. Grinding, filing, polishing, drilling, turning, twisting, bending, &c. were all found to elicit magnetism, when performed on iron, in any position out of the magnetic plane, but they were destructive of polarity when the metal was in the plane of the magnetic equator. The balances, therefore, ought to be turned and polished in this position. The effects of percussion next engaged the attention of Mr. Scoresby. He found that soft steel received the greatest degree of magnetic energy. In soft iron the magnetism was strong, but evanescent; in hard steel and cast iron, weak, but permanent. When the bar is struck, resting on a ferruginous body, it is also much more powerful; a piece of steel could be made to lift only 6½ gr. when hammered on a stone, but when subjected to the same process resting on a poker, held erect, it raised 88 gr. When the poker was previously hammered in a vertical position, the bar became more strongly magnetic; a single blow enabling it to suspend 188 gr.; a blow on the same rod, with the other end up, almost destroyed its magnetism, and two more changed its polarity. In another series of experiments Mr. Scoresby found that small or slender bars acquired a much greater lifting power, in proportion to their weight, than large ones; a piece of a knitting needle three inches long, and weighing 28 grs. having been made to raise 54 grs. by being repeatedly struck with a hammer, while held vertically on the top of a kitchen poker.

The practical applications of this discovery, are the formation of artificial magnets, and the ready construction of a compass at sea, without the use of a magnet. There are numerous instances of compasses of ships being spoiled by lightning, in which case a magnetic influence may be given in a few seconds by hammering the needle in the manner described; and in those instances, when, owing to shipwreck, the crew are obliged to put to sea without a compass, polarity may be given to the blade of a knife, the limb of a pair of scissars, or to any piece of iron, which, when suspended by a thread, would probably be sufficient to guide them in their perilous navigation.

ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION.

Seen at Star-Cross, in Devonshire, the 23d July, 1823.

"'Tis true, 'tis certain, man, though dead, retains
Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains:
The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aerial semblance and an empty shade."
POPE.

I AM perfectly aware of the predicament in which I am placing myself, when in the present age of incredulity I venture to commit to paper, in all sincerity of spirit and fulness of conviction, a deliberate and circumstantial account of an Apparition. Impostor and visionary, knave and fool, these are the alternate horns of the dilemma on which I shall be tossed with sneers of contempt, or smiles of derision; every delusion practised by fraud or credulity, from the Cock-lane Ghost, down to the Reverend Mr. Colton, and the Sampford Spectre, will be faithfully registered against me, and I shall be finally dismissed, according to the temperament of the reader, either with a petulant rebuke for attempting to impose such exploded superstition upon an enlightened public; or with a sober and friendly recommendation to get my head shaved, and betake myself to some place of safe custody with as little delay as may be. In the arrogance of my supposed wisdom, I should myself, only a few weeks ago, have probably adopted one of these towards any other similar delinquent, which will secure me from any splenetic feeling, however boisterous may be the mirth, or bitter the irony, with which I may be twitted and taunted for the following narration. I have no sinister purposes to answer, no particular creed to advocate, no theory to establish; and writing with the perfect conviction of truth, and the full possession of my faculties, I am determined not to suppress what I conscientiously believe to be facts, merely because they may militate against received opinions, or happen to be inconsistent with the ordinary course of human experience.

It may not be unimportant to remark, that so far from my being subject to the blue devils and vapours, with which hypochondriacs and invalids are haunted, I possess that happy physical organization, which ensures almost uninterrupted health of body and mind, and which, in the elasticity and buoyancy of my spirit, renders the sensation of mere existence an enjoyment. Though I reside in the country, winter has for me no gloom; nature has prepared herself for its regions; they are customary; and every thing seems to harmonize with their infliction; but for the same reason that the solitude of a town is desolating and oppressive, while the loneliness of the country is soothing and grateful, I do feel the sadness of perpetual fogs and rains in July, although they excite no melancholy feeling at the season of their natural occurrences. To see one's favourite flowers laying down their heads to die; one's plantation strewed with leaves not shaken off in their fulness of age, but beaten to earth in the bloom of youth: here a noble tree laid prostrate; and there a valuable field of corn lodged in the swampy soil (which were familiar objects in July last), is sufficient to excite melancholy associations in the most cheerful temperament. Confessing that mine was not altogether proof against their influence, and leaving to the caviller and the sceptic the full benefit of this admission, I proceed to a simple statement of the fact which has elicited these preliminary observations.

Actuated by the disheartening dulness of the scene to which I have alluded, I had written to my friend Mr. George Staples, of Exeter, requesting him to walk over some day and dine with me, as I well knew his presence was an instant antidote to mental depression, not so much from the possession of any wit or humour, as from his unaffected kindness and amiability,

the exuberance of his animal spirits, the unexhaustible fund of his laughter, which was perpetually waiting for the smallest excuse to burst out of his heart, and the contagion of his hilarity, which had an instant faculty of communicating itself to others. On the day following the transmission of this letter, as I was sitting in an alcove to indulge my afternoon meditation, I found myself disturbed by what I imagined to be the ticking of my repeater; but, recollecting that I had left it in the house, I discovered the noise proceeded from that little insect of inauspicious augury, the death-watch. Despising the puerile superstitions connected with this pulsation, I gave it no farther notice, and proceeded towards the house, when, as I passed an umbrageous plantation, I was startled by a loud wailing shriek, and presently a screech-owl flew out immediately before me. It was the first time one of those ill-omened birds had ever crossed my path; I combined it with the *memento mori* I had just heard, although I blushed at my own weakness in thinking them worthy of an association; and, as I walked forward, I encountered my servant, who put a letter into my hand, which I observed to be sealed with black wax. It was from the clerk of my poor friend, informing me that he had been that morning struck by an apoplectic fit, which had occasioned his almost instantaneous death! The reader may spare the sneer that is flickering upon his features: I drew no inference whatever from the omens that preceded this intelligence; I am willing to consider them as curious coincidences, totally unconnected with the startling apparition which shortly afterwards assailed me.

Indifferent as to death myself, I am little affected by it in others. The doom is so inevitable; it is so doubtful whether the parties be not generally gainers by the change; it is so certain that we enter not at all into this calculation, but bewail our deprivation, whether of society, protection, or emolument, with a grief purely selfish, that I run no risk of placing myself in the predicament of the inconsolable widow, who was reproached by Franklin with not having yet forgiven God Almighty. Still, however, there was something so awful in the manner of my friend's death, the hilarity I had anticipated from his presence formed so appalling a contrast with his actual condition, that my mind naturally sunk into a mood of deep sadness and solemnity. Reaching the house in this frame of thought I closed the library window-shutters as I passed, and entered the room by a glass-door, and seated myself in a chair that fronted the garden. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, when I was thrilled by the strange wailful howl of my favourite spaniel, who had followed me into the apartment, and came trembling and crouching to my feet, occasionally turning his eyes to the back of the chamber, and again instantly reverting them with every demonstration of terror and agony. Mine instinctively took the same direction, when, notwithstanding the dimness of the light, I plainly and indisputably recognised the apparition of my friend sitting motionless in the great arm-chair!! It is easy to be courageous in theory, not difficult to be bold in practice, when the mind has time to collect its energies; but taken as I was by surprise, I confess, that astonishment and terror so far mastered all my faculties, that, without daring to cast a second glance towards the vision, I walked rapidly back into the garden, followed by the dog, who still testified the same agitation and alarm.

Here I had leisure to recover from my first perturbation; and as my thoughts rallied, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I had been deluded by some conjuration of the mind, or some spectral deception of the visual organ. But in either case, how account for the terror of the dog? *He* could neither be influenced by superstition, nor could his unerring sight

betray him into groundless alarm, yet it was incontestable that we had both been appalled by the same object. Soon recovering my natural fortitude of spirit, I resolved, whatever may be the consequences to return and address the apparition. I even began to fear it might have vanished; for Glanville, who has written largely on ghosts, expressly says—"that it is a very hard and painful thing for them to force their thin and tenuous bodies into a visible consistence; that their bodies must needs be exceedingly compressed, and that therefore they must be in haste to be delivered from their unnatural pressure." I returned, therefore, with some rapidity towards the library; and although the dog stood immovably still at some distance, in spite of my solicitations, and kept earnestly gazing upon me, as if in apprehension of an approaching catastrophe, I proceeded onward, and turned back the shutters which I had closed, determined not to be imposed upon by any dubiousness of the light. Thus fortified against deception, I re-entered the room with a firm step, and there in the full glare of day did I again clearly and vividly behold the identical apparition, sitting in the same posture as before, and having its eyes closed!!

My heart somewhat failed me under this sensible confirmation of the vision, but, summoning all my courage, I walked up to the chair, exclaiming with a desperate energy—"In the name of heaven and of all its angels, what dost thou seek here?"—when the figure, slowly rising up, opening its eyes, and stretching out its arms, replied,—"a leg of mutton and caper-sauce, with a bottle of prime old port, for such is the dinner you promised me." "Good God!"—I ejaculated, "what can this mean? Are you not really dead?" "No more than you are," replied the figure.—"Some open-mouthed fool told my clerk that I was, and he instantly wrote to tell you of it; but it was my namesake, George Staples, of Castle-street, not me, nor even one of my relations, so let us have dinner as soon as you please, for I am as hungry as a hunter."

The promised dinner being soon upon the table, my friend informed me, in the intervals of his ever ready laughter, as soon as he had undeceived his clerk, he walked over to Star Cross to do me the same favour; that he had fallen asleep in the arm-chair while waiting my return from the grounds; and as to the dog, he reminded me that he had severely punished him at his last visit for killing a chicken, which explained his terror, and his crouching to me for protection, when he recognised his chastiser.

THE AUTUMNAL EVE.

We met and parted on an autumn eve,
When moonlight, with its beauty, steeped the vale,
Silent, and not a cloud was seen to sail
Athwart the azure firmament. Believe,
Ye who have felt the ecstasies of love,
What where my feeling, when I gazed on her,
Whom—absent—life had nothing to confer;
Whose presence rendered earth like heaven above!
Upon a rock, above the murmuring sea,
Linked arm and arm, in thoughtfulness we stood;
And, as I marked our shadows on the flood,
I dream't that Fate intended us to be
United always—'twas a dream; and, lo!
Between us mountains rise, and oceans flow!

VARIETIES.

Blind Mathematicians.—That a blind man should move in the sphere of a mathematician, seems a phenomenon difficult to be accounted for, and has deservedly excited the admiration of every age in which it has ap-

peared. Tully mentions it as a thing scarcely credible in his own master, Diodatus, that "he exercised himself in learning with more assiduity after he became blind;" and that "he professed geometry, describing his diagrams so expressly to his scholars, that they could draw every line in its proper direction." St. Jerome relates a more remarkable instance in Didymus of Alexandria, who, "though blind from his infancy, and therefore even ignorant of letters, appeared so great a miracle to the world, as not only to learn logic, but geometry also to perfection, which seems the most of any thing to require the help of sight." Cassidorus mentions Eusebius of Asia, who, according to his own account of himself, "had been blind from five years old, and yet had treasured up in his mind all kinds of learning, and also taught them with the greatest clearness to others." Trithemius gives a similar account of one "Nicaise of Mechlin, who, though blind from the third year of his age, yet, like another Didymus, became so great a master of all learning and knowledge, divine and human, that he publicly taught in the University of Cologne, both the canon and the civil law, frequently citing books he had never seen, but had learnt from their being read to him." Mention has also been made of a native of Holland, who notwithstanding his blindness, excelled in mathematical learning. Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, who was professor of mathematics in the University of Cambridge, at the commencement of the last century, was totally deprived of both his sight and eyes, when only twelve months old. Upon the removal of Mr. Whiston from his mathematical professorship, Mr. Saunderson's merit occasioned an extraordinary step to be taken to qualify him with a degree which the statutes require. A mandate was granted from the Queen, conferring on him the degree of Master of Arts; upon which he was chosen Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in 1711. His inaugural speech, in Latin, was distinguished by its elegance, and by the graceful manner in which it was delivered. Dr. Saunderson had so strong a memory, that he could calculate in his mind, multiply, divide, and extract the square or cube root to many places of figures; and keep pace with any calculator in algebraical problems, infinite series, &c.

An Ecclesiastical Prospect.—When the present Bishop of Winchester was diocesan of the see of Lincoln he accompanied his late Majesty on a visit to Sir H. B. Neale, at Walhampton, in the New Forest. In passing through Lymington the royal party ascended the tower of the church to view the delightful prospects visible from that point. The King was particularly struck with the picturesque appearance of the Isle of Wight,

"An island gem set in a silver sea,"

and called several times to the Bishop to notice it, who at length roused from his reverie, and said, "I beg your Majesty's pardon, but I was looking towards Winchester." The hope, thus ambiguously expressed, was, however, eventually realised.

Early Talent.—It was a slight incident which determined the profession of Gainsborough, the celebrated painter. While yet a boy he had risen very early to complete an arithmetical task which had been set him, and while sitting in an arbour in the garden he observed a man getting over the wall —the fellow lingered a few seconds to ascertain if any person was near, and in that interval Gainsborough having sketched his likeness on the slate, made a movement, which quickly put him to a flight. He afterwards shewed the sketch to his father, by which means the thief was detected; and the destiny of the young artist was fixed.